

THE

WANDERING

SHEPHERDESSES.



TEWKESBURY:

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YOU that do know what to true love belong,
I'll tell you a story that lately was done :
At Oxford a merchant's fair daughter did dwell,
Who for wit and beauty did others excel.

A noble young 'squire that lived hard by,
Upon this young lady did soon cast an eye ;
And for to court her he thus did begin :
Thou fairest of creatures that ever was seen.

Do not be so cruel but yield unto me,
For without your love there's no comfort for me,
And now give consent for to be my bride,
Or else I am ruin'd for ever, he cry'd.

The lady with innocent smiles did reply.
'Tis pity so god-like a creature should die,
When 'tis in my power your life to save,
So now I grant thee this that you crave.

With eager embraces he flew to her arms,
And said, Thou hast ten thousand charms,
Which invite great monarch's to fall at your feet :
But I've got the prize, and my joys I'll complete.

First ask my fathers consent she did say,
For I must ever his pleasure obey :
Her honour'd parents I mean to please,
For fear the heavens be with us displeas'd.

Then strait to her father the 'squire did go,
 And the whole matter, he gave him to know,
 Her father was pleas'd he should be his son,
 And said, if she loves him it soon shall be done.

All things were agreed on, the time was set,
 And now as soon as this couple was met,
 This perjur'd villain the innocent fair
 He with false delusions began to ensnare.

With modesty she unto him did say,
 Sir, do not my honour thus strive to betray,
 This is not true love, but lust you do mean,
 Better had it been if I ne'er had you seen.

It will not be long e'er I shall be your bride;
 Then seek not my ruin, she to him replied;
 O talk not of ruin, thou pride of my life,
 May heaven forsake me if thou'rt not my wife.

With many persuasions his will he obtain'd,
 And then her bright person, he soon disdain'd;
 For strait up to London this villain did come,
 Leaving his jewel in sorrow to mourn.

Her parents wonder'd the 'squire ne'er came,
 Asking their daughter the cause of the same,
 She said, honour'd father, the cause I don't know,
 But men they are fickle, and so let them go.

Tho' she to her parents did not seem surpriz'd,
 When she was alone, the tears from her eyes
 Like fountains would run; crying, worst of men,
 For your sake I will trust no man again.

But I will wander through vallies and groves,
 Be witnests, heaven ! how false is my love,
 And still I must love him do all that I can,
 I must be a slave unto this purjur'd man.

Rich jewels and treasure she did provide,
 Saying, now I will wander whatever betide ;
 And if my troubled heart does find any rest,
 To live in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

So then from her parents away she did go,
 Poor soul ! with a heart full of sorrow and woe.
 Through lonesome fields and woods she did hie,
 Then she a small cottage at length did espy.

It was a poor shepherd that in it did dwell,
 Seeing the lady set down in his cell,
 He welcom'd her in, and said, Sweet lady fair,
 Pray what cruel fortune has driven you here ?

Then into his cottage the lady did go.
 His wife unto her great kindness did show,
 When she with the shepherd some time had been,
 Her riches and jewels she gave unto them.

And said, O this matter let no one know ;
 And to keep the sheep in the vallies I'll go.
 The *Wandering Shepherdes* you can me call,
 Unfortunate love is the cause of my fall.

A rich suit of green embroidered ware,
 With a garland of flowers had this lady fair,
 To shade of the sun from her beauty clear,
 To her sheep in the vallies she did repair.

When two long years were finish'd and gone,
To 'Squire to Oxford strait did return,
Her parents accus'd him of wronging their child,
He said, she was fickle and false as the wind.

But now, said her father, I fear she is dead,
So we can add nothing to what we have said,
But sure she was honest and virtuous to all,
And you are the man that caused her fall.

Now we will leave her parents to mourn,
And unto the Sheperdess let us return,
Who was the talk or folks far and near,
At length her lover the same came to hear.

He must see this beauty whatever betide,
Then he got his coach, and away he did ride;
And just as bright Phoebus was going down,
He came to the valley where she lay alone.

The lambs were sporting an innocent sort,
And she was pleas'd with their harmless sport,
Her fine silyer hair sweet breezes did wave,
On a bank of sweet lillies she carelessly laid.

O Gods! said the 'squire, sure she's divine,
But if she is mortal, oh! let her be mine.
He little thought it was his love so true,
Men so much admire each beauty they view.

The charming Shepherdess turning her eyes,
Soon did know him to her great surprise,
But yet who she was he did not know,
At length to her cottage she homeward did go.

He followed her home, saying, sweet fair,
 Pity a lover that is in despair;
 For by the glance of your charming eyes,
 My love-sick heart is fill'd with surprize.

Sir you seem a person of high degree,
 And I a poor shepherdes now as you see,
 Talk not, sweet creature, thy charms are so sweet,
 Will cause the great monarch to fall at thy feet.

The shepherdes then invited him in,
 But now atreth her sorrows do begin:
 The garland of flowers being took from her head,
 He knew 'twas his love he thought had been dead.

His love-sick heat he soon did abate,
 But he unto her no notice did take:
 Quoth he to himself, since it is thee,
 I 'ere to-morrow your butcher will be.

They parted that night next morning to meet,
 In the sweet pasture where she kept the sheep,
 And the next morning just as the sun rose,
 This perjur'd wretch to the shepherdes goes,

No one being there, he unto her did say,
 Come madam, and strip off that gaudy array;
 As I'm come so far an harlot to see,
 I am resolv'd your butcher to be.

Can't thou be so cruel, to him she did say,
 My innocent life thus to take away?
 What harm, my dear jewel, have I done to thee,
 The crime it was your's in deluding of me.

Vile brumpet, dost thou presume for to prate,
 Come yield to my sword, for no longer I'll wait:
 She to him for mercy did bitterly cry,
 But he hard-hearted wretch had no mercy.

But finding with him she could not prevail,
 O heaven! said she, since all flesh is frail,
 Pardon my crimes, which are many she cries,
 Now traitor, I'm ready for your sacrifice.

She open'd her breast far whiter than snow,
 He pierc'd her heart while the crimson did flow;
 Her body he threw in a river near,
 And thus dy'd the beauty of fair Oxfordshire.

Then home he return'd, and when he came there
 He wandered about like a man in despair;
 No rest night nor day he ever could find,
 The sweet shepherdeſs ran ſo in his mind.

Within four days he took to his bed,
 The doctor gave him over, it is ſaid,
 When he found his dying hour was come,
 He ſent for her father and told what was done.

Then in a ſad ſort he yielded up his breath,
 Her father ſaid, I'm the unhappieſt man on earth,
 Then he ſought the body of his daughter dear,
 Who in ſumptuous manner was buried we hear.

Within a little time her father did die,
 Now let each take warning by this tragedy;
 And maiden's beware of men's flattering tongue,
 For if you conſent you are ſurely undone.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

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